

Stretched, stamped and imaged in the mask of death,
 The crown of such sweet life! Your looks, your ways,
 Your touches, your slow smiles, your delicate mirth,
 All leading up to this. . . . And his, the high,
 Clear laughter on the threshold of renown,
 Courage most like an old song on the lips,
 Stilled. . . . I could almost weep for him and you,
 Weep all my wrong away. My queen, my rose,
 Rent with strange swords, my woman of light worth,
 Behold you have brought forth death.

SHAGONAS *enters carrying DE LOTBINIERE'S sword, which, in obedience to a gesture of JEAN'S, he lays across DORETTE'S knees. She looks down upon it as though blind.*

Your only fruit

Destruction and the severing steel, the heat
 Of tears unshed, the ache of day and day
 Monotonous in want, inevitable,
 The dry-rot of the soul. Have you no words?

DORETTE. He said—he said there were flowers in the
 forest,
 White flowers by a blue pool, Our Lady's colours.
 May I go look for them? All white, he said,
 White as the Virgin's hands. But you have made her
 Out of red wood with a light of fire upon it.
 Perhaps the flowers turned red.

SHAGONAS. There is no fear
 In the forest shadows now for the fair lady.

JEAN. Fear's slain with that it fed on. To your wilds
 You wolf that watched the flock. I will wait here with
 her,—
 Wait, hearing a certain crying from the ground,
 The faint innumerable mouthing leaves,
 The clamour of the grass, the expectant thunder
 Of a berry's fall. Go you, go you. . . . but first
 Turn me her head a little to the shoulder